

"Mew!" answered pussy.

"I believe you do. I'll just dress you up in Seraphina's best dress and skirts, and then we'll see," and soon Kitty Snowball was dressed in pink silk, "and looked too sweet for anything," Nettie said, "if it wasn't for the tail hanging down beneath the skirts." That would never do at all. Who ever heard of a doll with a tail? It might be cut off; but, then, that would hurt, and Nettie was entirely too tender to do anything like that. Then a bright idea struck her. She pulled off the pink silk and robed kitty in an infant's long white dress, and, to her great satisfaction, found the tail was now entirely hidden. Then she wrapped a white cloak around it, put a pretty little white hood on it and covered its face with a white veil.

When she reached the house, the funny doll was laid on a couch in the back parlor, while Nettie looked at some pictures in the front parlor.

Suddenly there was a shriek, and a little girl ran out of the back parlor, declaring the doll on the couch was alive.

"To be sure she's alive," said Nettie. "S'pose I'd bring a dead one?"

By this time dolly was on the floor, walking around, looking very funny.

There were roars of laughter, and everybody had to see the doll that could walk.

Then a lady brought in a saucer of cream, and Nettie took off the hood and veil and held Snowball in her arms, while she lapped up the milk.

But when they came to go home at night, Kitty Snowball could not be found anywhere; then Nettie's mamma told her that it was not just the thing to take cats to a party.

### THE SQUIRREL AND THE MASTIFF.

"What an idle vagabond you are!" said a surly mastiff to a squirrel that was frolicking about in the trees above him.

The squirrel threw a nut-shell at him.

"I've been watching you these two hours," said the mastiff again, "and you've done nothing but dance and swing and skip and whisk that tail of yours about all the time."

"What an idle dog you must be," said the squirrel, "to sit for two hours watching me play!"

"None of your pertness. I had done all my work before I came here."

"O, ho!" said the squirrel. "Well, my work's never done. I've business up in this tree that you know nothing about."

"Business, indeed! I know of no business that you have but kicking up your heels and eating nuts and pelting honest folks with the shells."

"Fie!" said the squirrel. "Don't be ill-tempered," and he dropped another nut-shell at him. "Don't envy me my lot; for although I rejoice in the happiness of it, I must remind you it isn't all joy. Summer doesn't last forever; and what becomes of me, think you, when the trees are bare and the wind howls through the forest and the fruits are gone? Remember that then you have a warm hearth and a good meal to look forward to."

"You wouldn't change with me, however," said the mastiff.

"No, nor you with me, if you knew all," said the squirrel. "Be content, like me, to take together the rough and the smooth of your proper lot. When I'm starved with cold in the winter, I shall be glad to think of you by your pleasant fire. Can't you find it lots are more equal than they seem?"—Early Days.

### GOD DOESN'T CARE.

It was Sunday morning, and I was on my way to the church in which I held my Sunday classes. Suddenly, above the babble of the street, I heard a shrill cry of "Marmar!" and a little figure with its tiny arms akimbo, chest expanded and cheeks still flushed from the efforts of that shrill cry attracted my attention.

He was such a ragged little chap, and withal so manly, and so perfectly comical besides, that I stopped to look at him; his tangled yellow hair was brushed with some attempt at neatness, and his face was shining, and one might say dripping from a recent scrubbing. His very short dress, from frequent washings, had degenerated into a meaningless gray, his diminutive shoes were buttonless and toeless, and over them his mites of stockings hung in ragged pendants. Altogether he was a dingy little morsel of East Side humanity, looking somewhat like a dusty cobweb.

"Marmar!" again called the shrill imperative voice. This time, from the topmost regions of the high tenement, amid the confusion of fire escapes, milk cans and human faces, appeared an outstretched neck, and a voice shrieked down: "Well?"

"Can't I go to Sunday-schoo-ool-ool?" By this time the attention of the neighborhood was attracted and the answer was given amid comparative silence.

"No, you ain't got no decent clothes," and then the face disappeared with a "snappy" suddenness.

"Marmar!" the childish voice was even more piercing and more imperative.

"Well!" with an emphasis that suggested a ringing box on the ears, if those ears had been in the vicinity of the maternal hands.

"What's the difference? Dod don't care."

The tears sprang into my eyes. Heaven bless the dear little ragged philosopher! His simple faith had probed deeper than our hesitating worldliness.

I took the child's hand. He had no fear of me, for I was well known in the neighborhood as the "Church lady," and it was without doubt my appearance that had suggested the question; and ascending to the precincts of the top floor, I readily obtained permission to have the little fellow accompany me. He trotted happily at my side, his little shoes going flipperty-flop all the way, his battred hat well back on his yellow curls, and sat close to me all during the lesson, perfectly unconscious of the queer little figure he made.

I took care that next Sunday my little boy had a neat suit, a fine military cap, and stout shining shoes; but again the tears sprang into my eyes as, gazing with childish delight at his new clothes, he looked up into my face and said: "But God don't care all the same, does He?"

God bless my simple, trusting little ragamuffin, Tommy.—N. Y. Observer.